

LOVE AND LAW

By the author of "BUNNY'S LOVERS"

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
My hitherto matter-of-fact life had suddenly received its "baptism" of mystery and romance; and with it another initiation—that supreme revelation which comes but once in a man's life, and having come, leaves its mark upon it forever—the revelation of love.

"Your message, sir," said the telegraph clerk at my elbow. I tore open the yellow envelope, and read—
"Molton Junction—No. Gladstone has left here, or intended for the evening train. Miss Branscombe had not discovered her mistake. Moreover, her destination was some point beyond Molton, or she would certainly have had time to detect the change of baggage."

I sent a message to Miss Elmslie at Forest Lea, announcing my return that night and requesting that if convenient a carriage might meet me at the station, and then I prepared to get through as best I might the hours of suspense which lay before me.

My heart beat faster at the evening express near Molton Junction. I was on the platform almost as soon as the train stopped. The station was unusually quiet, and the platform clear from one end to the other; there was no sign of the slight, graceful figure for which I sought eagerly. I did not give up hope until the last moment. After a hurried inquiry at the cloak room I thumbed by the carriage door until the train was absolutely in motion, and then resumed my seat with a blank air of disappointment. Miss Branscombe was evidently not returning to Forest Lea that night.

The loss of the will—serious as such a loss would be to me both personally and professionally—occupied no place in my mind as I traveled on toward Forest Lea. I believe I had entirely forgotten the lesser misfortune in what seemed to me the greater—the disappearance of Miss Branscombe—the home. That she was the victim of some deeply laid plot on the part of her cousin I never doubted; the doctor's pronouncement had been taken too late. Possibly had I spoken at that evening's discovery, Miss Branscombe's

the fire, which the chilly evening rendered comfortable, I beheld Nona Branscombe.

Yes, it was Nona Branscombe in the flesh, and not a spirit, as in my late bewilderment I had half imagined. She was wrapped in a light fleecy shawl; her face was pale as death, and her whole attitude full of listless weariness. She looked like one who had wept until she could weep no more, and had given up the struggle with grief out of sheer exhaustion. I fancied that a faint wave of color stole over the pale cheeks as she held out her hand to me, but she did not speak, and sank back again amongst her cushions.

Miss Elmslie pressed food and drink upon me with kindly hospitality, and talked in her purring cheery way, whilst I listened and ate as in a dream. "It has been a long day," Miss Elmslie said, "and there has been so much to do. I made Nona keep her room until dinner time, and then came the shock of the doctor's summons. Dear, dear—to think that Mrs. Heathcote should follow the dear Colonel so soon!" She glanced at Nona, and changed the subject. "Did you a pleasant journey, Mr. Fort?"

"Yes," I answered, rousing myself with an effort, "it was very pleasing up to a certain point. Then a little adventure befell me." I had my eyes fixed upon Miss Branscombe as I spoke; there was no change in her attitude, no interest in her still, weary face.

"An adventure?" exclaimed Miss Elmslie. "What was it?"
I determined to make a bold stroke. "I lost my bag," I replied, watching the motionless figure in the arm chair.

"Lost your bag?" echoed Miss Elmslie. "Dear me—I hope you found it again."
"No, I have not found it up to this time," I answered. "I believe it was changed by a fellow passenger—a lady"—still no sign from Nona—"who left her own in its place."

"But the railway officials—the the

guards would have been on the alert and this evening's escapade would have been prevented. A girl, inexperienced, innocent, confiding as, in spite of all, I could swear Nona was—might have been drawn into any trap, however extreme—even into a hasty and secret marriage—by the fascinating and clever spendthrift to whom she had given her girlish affection, believing him to be justly distinguished in her own favor.

Only a few hours had elapsed since her flight, however. Was it too late to save her? Hardly. There could be no marriage before the morning, if so soon. I gave him the clue to one of the two just possible—a dozen times were possible.

The cool night wind blowing upon my heated brow, as I sat once more behind the splendid chaise, seemed to let light and air together in on the subject and to lift me out of the trough into which I had sunk. Hope came to my heart. I was impatient to confer with the doctor. No, it was certainly not too late, I decided.

The rectory was close to the gates of the Lea. I directed my Jehu to stop there first.

"I have to see the doctor," I explained. "They have not gone to bed. I see lights."

"The doctor, sir?" said the man, gulling up, however. "Mr. Heathcote went to Howerside just as I started to fetch you. He went for, and he'll not be back yet, even if he comes to-night. It's a good ten mile to Howerside."

"Sent for?"—then it was all right, I breathed a devout thanksgiving. Her guardian had followed Nona—she was safe.

The man's next words demolished this hope.

"It's his mother, sir. From what I can learn, she's dying. She was very old lady, and she's been had this six months or more. She was took worse tonight."

I groaned inwardly. Then the doctor's help was lost at this critical juncture. It was a fatality; I must tell my story to Miss Elmslie, and that without a moment's loss of time. From her I might gain the information necessary to put me on the track of the misguided girl.

Miss Elmslie met me at the door of the little room reserved for her use and Miss Branscombe; there was no sign of agitation or anxiety in her manner—nothing but cordiality and satisfaction at my appearance.

"So good of you, Mr. Fort, to come back so soon!" she exclaimed. "And very tired you must be after your two journeys. I am glad you were able to return to us at once. We need your help more than ever, for we have had another shock tonight. The poor doctor has been called away to—fear—his mother's death bed. Ah, the world is full of sorrowful things! But come in, Mr. Fort—as I stood before the threshold. "Come in to the doctor. What's the matter?"

What, indeed? No wonder that I stared with dropped jaw and wondering eyes, for in an arm chair by

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Fustian and Jest from the Tides of Humor—Witty Sayings.

A June Proposal.
She wore a red rose in her golden hair—
My queen of all the world—so sweet—
So fair;
Full tenderly my offered heart she took,
Then told me calmly that she couldn't cook.

An Extra Ingredient.
"No," he said reflectively, "this isn't like mother's pie."
"And why not?" she waspishly asked.
"Because," he mildly explained, "mother's pie always had ants in it."

Church Bells.
She—"What is the attraction that draws you to church?"
He—"The bells."

The Educated Thief.
"The testimony is against you," said the police justice, "is clear and conclusive. You spend your time committing petty thefts."
"Yes, your honor," responded the prisoner, venturing to wink at the court, "I am an embodied protest against the existing condition of things. I am a round robin, your honor."

But his honor was equal to the emergency.
"For the next 60 days, anyhow," said, frowning at the prisoner, "you won't be around robbing. You'll be a jail bird. Call the next case!"

One Woman's Wisdom.
He had proposed to the idol of his heart, but things had failed to come his way.
"Do you know," he said, as he was leaving her presence forever, "that you are wringing my heart from my bosom?"

"Possibly," she answered, coldly, "but it's either that or marry you and wring the bosoms from your shirts in your years."

Seeing that the case was hopeless the party of the first part lit a cigarette and wandered hence into the hither.

He Knew What Was Wanted.
"You understand the necessity for making this report as favorable as possible."
"I think I do."
"Of course we don't want any downright lying about it. You understand that. But we want it well, as complimentary as it can be made."

"I know exactly what you want. I used to be a census enumerator up in Chicago."

Serious Mistake.
"The worst enemy I ever made," said the statesman, "was the man I got a government job a few years ago."

"What ingratitude!"
"No, it was downright anger. There was a good salary attached, but he had to work."

Her Predominant Trait.
"She married an old man worth \$4,000,000, and who isn't expected to live a year."
"I'm not surprised. She's always been a most successful bargain hunter."

His Defense.
Flagler—I saw the agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals coming out of your house this morning. What's the matter?
Nagley—Yes; I had him drop in to warn my mother-in-law.

Caught the Car.
"Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?"
"He isn't paying her any attention at all."
"Indeed! Did she jilt him?"
"No; he married her."

No More to Get.

Hate and "Little Breaches."
From the San Francisco Argonaut: Bret Harte is so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breaches" that he is almost as sorry it was ever written as is Col. John Hay, who would prefer his name to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once, "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breaches.' I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breaches on the wrong man."

One Exception.
He—to hear you tell it, one would think I never told a single truth before we were married. She—Well, you did prevaricate to a considerable extent, but I'll give you credit for having told me the truth once. He—Indeed! And when was that, pray? She—When you proposed. Don't you remember, you said you were unworthy of me?

The Irony of Fate.
"Count, why did you marry that pale, thin girl, when you might have had the plump, rosy-cheeked sister?" "Well, I tell you, I was sinking of what call him—sees probable? Of two evils choose the least." And now her faaair has fallen! Ah, mon Dieu! Zeez probairly see one—what call him—fakel!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Wanted by Widow.
"His one of those girls who worry over trifles."
"What's the trick that's worrying her now?"
"Her bathing suit."

Makes That a Business.
Pilsen—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest?
Dillon—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional.
Pilsen—Professional?
Dillon—Yes; you know I am connected with the Weather Bureau.

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NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA.

SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.

Miss Susan Wyman, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Peruna. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have can know what a blessing it is to be able to

find relief in Peruna. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Peruna I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wyman.

Mrs. Margaretta Dauben, 1214 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that I cannot describe it. Peruna is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Peruna for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Peruna has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book for women only.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Peruna is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Peruna. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Modern Wars of Brief Duration.
The war between Spain and the United States was ended on Aug. 12, having run a course of less than four months. All recent wars in which important members of the world's family of nations have been pitted against each other have been of a short and decided character. Last year's war between Turkey and Greece began April 17 and was terminated by a truce preliminary to a final peace treaty at the end of four and a half weeks. The war between Japan and China began on July 25, 1894, and was ended by the signing of the peace treaty on August 25, 1895, after eight months. The great war of Russia against Turkey, which began April 24, 1877, came to an end with the Russian army lying just outside of Constantinople nine months later. The Franco-Prussian war, which began July 19, 1870, found the Prussian army making peace at Versailles on Jan. 28, 1871. Bismarck's war of 1866, in which Prussia made an attack against Austria, lasted only seven weeks.

Dewey Bought a Ticket.
When Commodore Dewey left Washington in November, 1897, to take command of the fleet in the Pacific ocean, he did not go on the Pacific coast route. Being a personal friend of S. B. Hoge, General Agent of the Baltimore & Ohio passenger department in Washington, the now famous sea voyager bought two first-class tickets from Washington to San Francisco via the B. & O., Chicago and North Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific lines. Dr. Hoge accompanied the admiral and they departed on November 27. Some time ago, Manager of Passenger Traffic D. B. Martin of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, sent out to the admiral a back ticket and only recently secured all of them. He has had the ticket, containing Dewey's signature, lithographed, and is issuing fast similes as souvenirs.

Put-In-Hay, Oh, and Return.—The Trip of the Season.
On August 13th the Clover Leaf road will run an excursion to Put-In-Hay, under the auspices of the Epworth League. A special train will be provided, consisting of sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. Tickets will be good for return until August 25th. The rate will be only \$19.50 for the round trip, including breakfast at Toledo, and one week's board at Hotel Victoria. Put-In-Hay. Tickets not including board will be \$20.00 for the round trip. A number of attractive side trips will also be arranged, taking in Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Thousand Islands. For further particulars, address J. C. Tucker, Gen. N. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

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AYER'S Hair Vigor

What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

Not so far wrong. A Boston teacher had been giving a familiar talk on zoology to a class of ten-year-olds in a grammar school. To test their intelligence he said, in the course of his remarks: "Who can tell the highest form of animal life?" A little girl help up her hand. "Well, Mary?" "The hy-na," shouted Mary, scornfully but triumphantly. Representing a snail, the teacher said: "Is it, Mary? Think again. Is a hyena the very highest?" "Oh, now I know," cried Mary: "it's the giraffe."

Unexplored Territory.
Throughout the entire world there are about 20,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles; Asia, 3,500,000; America, 2,500,000; Australia, 2,000,000; Asia, 200,000; and various islands, 600,000.

A Spider's Web.
It is said that every thread of a spider's web is made up of about 5,000 separate fibers. If a pound of this thread were required it would occupy 25,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

Cow's Cough Balm.
It is the best and most reliable remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other respiratory troubles. It is made from the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Not skin deep—blood deep. Pure healthy blood means beauty. It is the foundation of all beauty. It is the secret of youth and vigor. It is the key to a long and happy life.

The Best Protection for Children.
Fever is a battle of GIGANTIC TITLES. CHILL, FEVER, and all other febrile diseases are caused by the action of the blood. It is the secret of youth and vigor. It is the key to a long and happy life.

When the epidemic of China travels.
carries with her 3,000 dresses, 1,200 coats, 600 boxes, in charge of 1,200 coolies.

Poor's Cure for Consumption.
is the best of all cough cures. George W. Lotz, Faber, La., August 20, 1898.

Admiral Dewey attaches no political strings to his refusal to become a presidential candidate.

Dr. Moffett's Teethin A.
Teething Powders. It is the best and most reliable remedy for teething troubles. It is made from the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure.

SCHUB'S HOME PILLS.
They Act Directly on the Bowels by removing all the impurities from the system. They are the best and most reliable remedy for all bowel troubles.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER.
WILL KEEP YOU DRY. It is the best and most reliable remedy for all colds and coughs. It is made from the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to cure.

ATLAS of WESTERN CANADA.
It is the best and most reliable map of the West. It shows all the great cities, rivers, and mountains of the continent. It is a must for every traveler.

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